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TOLSTOY.

COUNT LYEFF TOLSTOY was born September 9, 1828. He studied three years at the University of Kazan, but left without graduating. When about twenty-three he visited the Caucasus and joined the army. Though a nobleman, with connections which would have rendered it easy for him to secure a staff appointment where there was no danger along with the glitter, he preferred to enter regularly as a noncommissioned officer in active service. His experience here set him to writing, and the minute knowledge he gained of the life of the Caucasus and of the dangers of its guerrilla warfare is displayed in the "Cossacks," the "Prisoner of the Caucasus," and other sketches and tales. His next service was in the Crimean war, and he put forth his impressions of the siege in "Sebastopol." After the war he resided for a time in Moscow and St. Petersburg, traveled twice in Europe, and then settled down in the country at Yasnaya Polyana (Clearfield), his country estate, where he has continued to live.

Tolstoy's works fall naturally into three periods. To the early period belong the war sketches and an imaginative semi-autobiographical novel, "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth;" to the middle, the great novels "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina;" and to the later, his religious and philanthropic writings: "My Confession," "My Religion," a "Commentary on the Gospels," and "What to Do." The best known of his imaginative works since "Anna Karenina" are the "Death of Ivan Ilitch" (1884-86), "Kreutzer Sonata" (1888), "The Power of Darkness," a drama, "Master and Man" (1895), and "Resurrection" (1898). These encyclopedic facts and dates can give no idea of the nature of his work nor even of its extent. His pen has busied itself with nearly everything from "Fables" to "Evolution," and his writings, even in the incomplete form found

in English, fill twenty-four volumes, six of which make up "War and Peace."

While in the Caucasus he produced the first part of the volume which we now know as "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth." The third part was written after the Crimean war, that on "Boyhood" having preceded it. If a man in America were to produce such a work as his first literary effort, we should, without question, be in doubt as to how it should be classified. It is neither a novel nor strictly memoirs, but a kind of combination. The boy whose life is told in the first person is clearly Tolstoy, and the incidents are related with such wonderful insight into child life that they must have had a very real basis. There is, of course, around the spacious country house and the somewhat luxurious town residence a sort of mediæval impressiveness—the vast number of servants, the ceremonious treatment of elders, and the frankly loose morality of the men—things that are not often, if ever, to be met with in modern American life; but the training the boy received at the hands of tutors must have been pretty much the same as is received in many cases by the very rich in England and America. There is the same minute and eternal care as to convention or, as Tolstoy has put it, to the matter of becoming *comme il faut*. No man, probably, has been through college without knowing many fellows who were most diligent in their dress, in their bearing, and in a thousand trifling matters for the sole purpose of appearing as was demanded by the few who formed the "society" of the place. Tolstoy's analysis of this attitude is one of the most striking features of the book.

The interest of "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" is purely that of character study. The reader gets an insight into the working of one very human heart through a self-revelation that is perfectly sincere. Besides this, we see here also the power over detail in which no man has excelled the author, the reasoning that nothing, not even passion nor sorrow, can cloud, and his devotion to the truth. Tolstoy was by no means a precocious child. His elder brother was much brighter, and, what hurt keenly, much the more *comme*

il faut. Not tall, but sturdy, with thick lips, small grayish-green eyes, a large and not at all aristocratic nose, with big hands and feet, and a head of hair that was always unkempt and with one particular tuft that no amount of dressing could keep from standing up like an Indian's scalp lock, he looked, barring the clothes, like the regular muhzik, or Russian peasant. The growth traced in these pages from early boyhood extends to his entrance into the University, where the fatuousness of an examiner who confused and then pitched him is set forth strikingly, and the year spent in the effort to become *comme il faut* is most ruthlessly displayed, up to its crowning achievement of an utter failure on the final examinations.

The thread of the autobiography left here at the failure of this moody, self-analytic, and unhappy youth is taken up in the "Cossacks," where the hero, Olyenin, is a young man just in the Russian service as a *junker* who has fled from the hot air and unnatural life of the clubs and restaurants to the dense forests, the snow-crested mountains, and the full-blooded primitive life of the Caucasus. Here he comes under the influence of the majestic personality of a young village woman whose other lover is the village hero, a dashing fellow, rider, hunter, drinker, and soldier. Olyenin seems on the point of having his proposal accepted and of settling down to the life of a Cossack, when the serious wounding of his rival brings to him and the girl the sight into the very heart of things which the approach of death always does, and he is sent off in a passion of anger. And there the matter stops: they don't marry and live happy ever afterwards, the hero does not achieve success, he does not do wonders, for the simple reason that Tolstoy has come to the end of his rope of observation, and for the sake of truth does not snap his tether. There are other sketches based on the experiences of this period in the "Invaders," the "Woodcutting Expedition," and "Lost on the Steppes." As has well been said, the kind of writing that we have as yet is reporting rather than creating. It is the conscientious endeavor to tell the exact truth; and this is the nature

of the volume on the Crimean war. "Sebastopol in December, 1854," "In May, 1855," and "In August, 1855," are convincing and accurate pictures of the state of things. There is no moral drawn, there is no hero, and there are few side remarks; but to us who know what Tolstoy was to produce later there is plainly visible the seed that is to grow into the hatred of war, the pitiless puncturing of the military vanity which has its stronghold in official ranks, the hollowness of the patriotism that has to be supported by conscription, and the deep sympathy with the poor private fighting like a machine because he is forced to do so and dying like a hero because he is put where most of the dying is to be done and because in his suffering there is none of the artificiality due to the pomp and show of war.

When peace came, Tolstoy at the age of twenty-six left the army and settled in St. Petersburg, whither his literary reputation had preceded him and where he was warmly received by the chief literary circle of the time. During this period of ten years he wrote little; but he read and thought much, he traveled twice in Europe, spent much time on his estate in the education of the children of the newly liberated serfs, developing a wonderful school where no force was used, and in 1862 married the beautiful daughter of a German doctor in the neighboring town of Tula, a woman much younger than he was and of such devotion and intelligence as to win the praises of all who visit the household, one who has borne him thirteen children and been the most patient and painstaking of amanuenses. His philosopher at this time was Schopenhauer. His chief recreation was hunting, a sport of which he has left many pictures. In his "Confession" he summarizes thus his view of things while a purely literary man: "The view of life of my literary comrades lay in the opinion that in general life developed itself; that in this development we, the men of intellect, took the chief part, and among the men of intellect we, the artists and poets, stood first. Our vocation was to instruct people. The very natural question, 'What do I know and what can I teach?' was unnecessary, for, according to the theory, one needed to

know nothing. The artist and the poet taught unconsciously. I held myself as a wonderful artist and poet, and very naturally appropriated this theory. I was paid for it: I had excellent food, a good habitation, women, and society; I was famous. We were all then convinced that we must talk, write, and print as quickly as possible and as much as possible; for it was necessary for the good of humanity"—an attitude, by the way, not rare in America at the present, if we make a reservation for the stress that Tolstoy and his comrades put on the necessity of doing good to humanity.

"War and Peace," the longest and most ambitious of Tolstoy's works, began to appear in 1865. This is a panorama, on a canvas so large as to be called stupendous, of Russia in the time of Napoleon. There is a picture of Russian court life and Russian society accurate and marvelously full in detail; then the story concerns itself with the career of two heroes, an intelligent, methodical, practical, but not unspiritual Prince Volkonsky, who in the intervals of his two periods of military service busies himself with his estate and puts into execution many reforms that the other of the heroes, Prince Bezukoff, only dreams about and in an amiable way lays ineffective plans for. The sure grasp of the reality of war that the Caucasus and the Crimea gave Tolstoy makes the descriptions of the fighting of a battle realistic beyond comparison. Here we see, as we only surmised in the Sebastopol sketches, the deep conviction of the overruling power of providence and the futility of the plans of the dispositions, and of the calculated results that are set down on paper before the battle—man's finite mind struggling with the infinite number of chances of unforeseen accidents that render all these of no avail. If it seems extravagant for Tolstoy to hold that the influence of Napoleon on the turn of events was really no more than that of the figurehead on the prow of a ship, it is impossible to deny that he is expressing, though extremely, a truth neglected by hero-worshipping historians.

Exactly what are his canons of art seems at times hard to discern. In fact, he has but one canon, as he says in the

last paragraph of "Sebastopol in May:" "The hero of my tale, whom I love with all my heart, whom I tried to set forth in all his beauty, who has been, is, and always will be most beautiful, is—truth." He has simply gone back with his wonderful imagination to the Napoleonic times and *reported* the condition of Russia. There is a lack of plot that is life itself, and a reality that is the truth itself. There is no more a climax, a denouement here than there is in the "Cossacks" or than there is in life. There are numberless places where an inferior author would have said: "Go to, here is the place for a great scene. I will display my genius at this crisis." Pierre Bezukoff, for instance, is left alone in the abandoned city of Moscow. The city catches on fire, and in his wanderings he comes on a little knot of people just escaped from a fire district, and he hears a mother agonizing at the incompetent and bewildered husband because a child has been left. In her anguish she will not move, and yet she cannot induce the husband to go back to the burning building. Pierre's heart, large and warm, is immediately touched, and, after a few inquiries, he plunges off, and finally reappears with the child. But he has come out a new way, or the distracted family have moved from the place where they were; he knows no name and he knows no direction.

A novelist in search for places for the claqueur to get in his work would have made something out of this strange situation—the hero left behind in an unknown part of the great city with a child which he has risked his life to save, and with no apparent means of getting rid of it. But this is just what does not happen, and simply for the reason that it would not have happened with that real man Bezukoff. In the confusion that was constantly increasing, due to the departure of the French army, Pierre is separated from the child, and of it we never hear again. He is carried off a prisoner on the charge of having set fire to the city. Now follows the retreat, with all its horror of cold and starvation, Pierre with his huge form hardened and developed as never before, because he has now none of the dissipations which cost him so much mental and physical strength. This great

lord has lice in his hair and beard, and learns life from a peasant who goes along with him, a most kindly and simple old muhzik, who has a little dog and knows how to sacrifice himself. It is needless here to say more of his description of war; it is the simple truth, and appalling for this reason. Then Pierre lives on after the war—his family life is described with power; he becomes a great man for social improvement through organization. He has plans, which he defends against all comers, by which secret societies are to work wonders; and we leave him—not the least in the dark as to the sure failure of his projects, nor wrought up over them more than we would be wrought up over the failure of the plans of any other deeply human character whom we knew and loved in real life. It isn't Pierre, or you or I or Tolstoy, who has the charge of this universe. We struggle, and use our reason more or less, but the mills of God grind on.

“Anna Karenina” is regarded as the most artistic, in the accepted sense, of Tolstoy's works. In Vronsky the attractive, powerful man of the world, the boy of “Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth” developed on the *comme il faut* side, there is a picture of much of Tolstoy's own worldly experience, but from the outside, as this experience was. In Levine, the moody fellow who loves and sticks to the soil, we have the inner life of his creator. The story is the treatment, with the inevitableness of the Greek tragedy, of the marriage of Anna Karenina without love, and then of her adultery with Vronsky. This adultery they confess and try to live out in spite of society; but circumstance as merciless as that which drags Ædipus brings her to suicide, and Vronsky, with whom we have little sympathy, to a seeking for death or forgetfulness in war. To Levine, with his struggles toward spiritual light, comes the deep satisfaction of work with the earth, of philanthropic effort, but this last unclouded by false anticipations of great success. The peasants with whom he has to work are as dull of perception, as slow in comprehending his great schemes, as were Tolstoy's own; his very wife, lovely and faithful, cannot fully under-

stand him. Peace flashes on him one day from a remark of a peasant—"To live for God, for the good," as the muhzik expressed it.

There is other work of the purely so-called artistic nature after this period; such as the "Death of Ivan Ilitch," a marvelous study of the painful death of a worldly and lovelessly respectable official; the play "The Power of Darkness;" and the story of "Master and Man." The action of this last takes place in a snowstorm on the steppes. The master, clothed in his heavy furs, first abandons his man in terror at the death staring him in the face, and then returns, and, by lying on top of his ill-clothed and half-frozen servant, saves his life and is himself frozen; the approach and reality of death this time, however, being not with terror, but with peace, because where there is *love*, self-sacrifice, there is *God also*.

Probably the novel of Tolstoy's most widely known in America is the "Kreutzer Sonata." This story treats of the seduction of a woman whom the husband kills, the name coming from the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, the playing of which aids to throw the woman into the mood necessary for the seducer. The crass realism of the novel can be explained largely by the fact that in Russia these matters are not reserved for converse between husband and wife, or else between men with men and women with women, but are legitimate subjects for thought and discussion indiscriminately. The notoriety in America came chiefly from the opinion of Mr. Anthony Comstock that the novel was indecent, and from the prohibition which Postmaster General Wanamaker subjected it to as far as the mails were concerned. This novel was written as a protest against the brutally promiscuous sexual intercourse which Tolstoy saw everywhere around him, against the idea that sexual intercourse was a good and not an evil, and in expression of the Christian ideal of chastity.

With the inconsistency which all men who are either geniuses or simply truth seekers display, Tolstoy is never bound in his development by the phase of thought he has just passed

through. In the "Kreutzer Sonata" he asserts most emphatically that the ideal for men and women is chastity; in the last chapter of "What Is to Be Done?" written six or seven years before, the supreme ideal, higher even than the sacrifice of service and poverty, possible to man, is the self-forgetfulness in the pain of childbirth and the self-immolation during the training of the child, possible only to woman. His final thoughts on marriage have probably not been printed.

Many think that Tolstoy's greatest work is his "What Is Art?" In preparing for this, through fifteen years he read constantly, going through practically everything written on the subject of æsthetics. He finds the utmost confusion in the definitions of art, and this confusion due to the false idea that the central element of art is beauty. Now, beauty is not a good nor an evil—it is simply a nonessential; and just as a man who considers the end of eating to be the pleasure of eating, and not the support of the body, cannot understand the nature of eating, so cannot one who considers the end of art to be beauty understand the nature of art. The reason for the manifest decadence of art is that a great human activity has been turned from the service of humanity to the service of a very small class, the rich and the idle.

Art, says Tolstoy, is to invoke in one's self a feeling once experienced, and then so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling. It is the conscious production in others of emotions which the artist has lived through. If the emotion is not transmitted, the production is no more a work of art than a jumble of senseless words is the expression of thought. The importance of art is that it is one of the greatest means by which humanity advances. The consciousness of humanity develops through the intercourse of human soul with human soul; how great and serious a matter, then, is it if, of the two great means toward this, expression of thought in words and of emotion in art, the latter be prostituted into an amusement!

Now, as to what is good and what is bad art. The valuation of feelings as good or bad depends on the religious per-

ception of the times. That which makes for the highest in religion at a given period is good; that which makes against it is bad. Among the Greeks art transmitting the feelings of beauty, strength, and courage was good; that transmitting feelings of rude sensuality, despondency, or effeminacy was despised. Among the Jews art transmitting the feelings of devotion and submission to the God of the Hebrews was good (such as the Psalms); that transmitting the feeling of idolatry (the golden calf) was despised. Now the highest religious percept in modern life is "the consciousness that our wellbeing, both material and spiritual, individual and collective, temporal and eternal, lies in the growth of brotherhood among men—in their loving harmony with one another." Art for a sect is bad; for humanity, is good. The artist working for his brothers will strive to be understood by all. He will despise the desire to appeal to a clique, to the educated, or still more narrowly to the so-called cultured classes. "A real work of art can arise in the soul of an artist only occasionally as the fruit of the life he has lived."

As for the art of the future, it will not be produced by professionals receiving pay. For the production of boots or loaves a competency that will allow all the day to be devoted to the labor is advantageous. Not so with art. Art is not a handicraft. It is the expression of feeling, and genuine feeling can be begotten only when the artist is living on all sides the life proper to mankind. The artist of the future will live the common life of man, earning his subsistence by some kind of labor. The fruits of the highest spiritual strength which passes through him he will try to share with the greatest possible number of people, for in such transmission to others will he find his joy and his reward. The artist of the future will be unable to understand how an artist whose chief desire is the wide diffusion of his works could restrict their appeal in return for a certain payment. The task of art at the present is to cause the feeling of brotherhood, of love to one's neighbor, now attained only by the best members of society, to be the customary feeling of all men. The future may reveal higher and higher ideals, but the present

task for Christian art is to establish brotherly love among men.

It is remarkable that the two men of genius of the nineteenth century who have most striven for the realization of Christ's kingdom of love on earth have both been called mad, and for no other reason than that they so strove. Because Ruskin, who began life with a fortune and genius, devoted both to the unselfish service of man, and especially because he gave his fortune where he could receive no return for it, he was regarded as unbalanced, and a dapper history professor, who lectures in one of our great colleges, suggests gravely in an article written for a recent encyclopedia that Tolstoy's later, his Christian, work is regarded as the work of a man not entirely sane.

It is not possible here to test Tolstoy's sanity by going into a full discussion of "My Religion," "What Is to Be Done," his "Gospel in Brief," etc. What he has done is to go with all his mind into an application of Christ's doctrine of love. He found Church Christianity supporting and preserving such outrageous iniquities as war and capital punishment, and but recently that of human slavery. What is the inference but that Church Christianity which can uphold what Christ condemned is not Christ's teaching? There are thousands of sincere men who read the Gospels with a curious wonder as to the meaning of it all. They think it impossible to understand how it was that Christ's disciples were men of the class that they were, why he took the unlearned and the simple, and why he said again and again that the kingdom of God is discovered to the foolish, and that by it the wisdom of the wise has been made folly. The fact is that they have been kept from the truth by the Church interpretation of it. We have not here in America the countless and flagrant abuses in the Church that the Russians have to contend with, and yet nothing could be farther from a literal acceptance of Christ's teachings as set forth in the Gospels than our practice. We are not taught that worldly goods are nothing; that sentiment we hear only at rare intervals when the lessons for the day come round to the par-

able of the man who builded barns and said, "Soul, take thine ease;" and then it is set forth not in the language that we are in the habit of using when we really want to say something that has a meaning, but in the tongue so ancient that it has become what we call poetic—that is, artistic, appealing only to the cultivated classes. We are not taught that it is a merit to receive an injury without resenting it; on the contrary, one of the things that schools and fathers try hardest to instill into the mind of the boy is that his honor must above all things be respected, and that if he is insulted he is to attend to the offender. Christ said, "I say unto you, Swear not at all," but we are taught that it is right to take an oath of allegiance to the constitution of a country, or even to a little clique like a fraternity or a lodge. Christ taught that a man smitten on the right cheek should turn the left, but we teach that if a man steal an overcoat when he is cold he should by all means be turned over to the authorities, that he may be put in prison and made to labor hard. Christ said that we should not condemn nor go to law, and we teach that it is right to support the judgments of human beings even so far as to commit murder. We arm men with pistols and tell them that it is both just and right that they should kill a man whom they see attempting to take that which we are agreed belongs to another. Christ said that we were to love our enemies; and we not only have armies to slay our enemies, but we have Churches to bless those armies and ministers of these Churches to pray to the God of peace and love that our arms may be successful—that is, that they commit the greatest possible number of murders in the shortest possible time. Christ said that we should love our brother as ourselves; and but a few days ago one of the best-known and most highly honored clergymen in this country declared emphatically that as for him he hoped that there would always be men whose duty it was to clean his shoes, that he might devote himself to the higher work of reading and writing, when the truth of the matter was that the real reason that his shoes must needs be cleaned by some other man was that he loved to sit late to smoke and talk

and read fiction of the adventure type, and when he arose the next day it was with hurry to be about his business.

It was feelings of this sort that made Tolstoy distrust the Church when in his struggle toward light he came to see that the great problem of life could not be solved by reason alone. He went to the Church, and tried to enter into its formularies, because he saw that the clew of the problem of life, if not given by the Church, was inextricably confused with its traditions. Those who have read "Resurrection" know the impression he received. Then he went to the Gospels, and tried to get from the Greek the real message of Christ. This he found to be contained in five directions: Not to resist evil; not to regard the body of a woman as an instrument for man's gratification; not to take oaths; not to act so as to arouse evil in any one; not to make a difference between the children of God because they were not of one's own country. And for his attempt to live up to this, we have men of the cultivated classes, such as that little professor, thinking him insane.

In 1881 the taking of the census in the city of Moscow aroused in Tolstoy, who had lately moved there, the hope of ameliorating the condition of the poor in that city by some systematized work on the basis of the census organization. He secured permission to try his experiment, and set forth. He found utter poverty, wretchedness, filth, and violation of every law among the very poorest, but only one case of starvation. He found one prostitute of about forty years training up her daughter in the path she had followed, and he was unable to make the mother see that she was doing an evil thing to the child. He found a young boy in destitution, and, taking him home, would have reformed him by giving him food to eat in the kitchen and by securing him work at the cobbler's trade. He was amazed at the failure of these two attempts, until he considered that in neither case was real brotherhood at the bottom. How could he change the ideas of the prostitute who merely believed that it was legitimate for her to sell her body for the lust of men, when

at home he saw his own daughters spending their time in the accomplishments and the personal adornment or lack of adornment which society allows and approves for the purpose of attracting the admiration of men—*i. e.*, in preparing to win the opportunity of satisfying the lust of men? Why should the boy, whose brother he was proclaiming to be, eat in the kitchen, and see other children in the house who fed on dainties that he never dreamed of, and who, instead of cobbling shoes, had only idleness? Then he came to understand that the poor were to be helped really when the man who would help them was able, as a certain prostitute he saw, to cease from his trade to nurse a sick child of a poor fellow-creature, or when the rich gave of their abundance, not of the thousands or the millions they could never miss, but when they gave, as did the widow, their all. And he found the reason of the matter to be that a large part of society was doing no useful labor, was producing nothing, was living on the produce of the rest, securing this by violence, and defending this violence by Church, by science, and by the police. The salvation that these people needed was not in money nor in medicine nor in improved lodging, but a salvation from themselves, some change that would bring them to know that it was wrong to live as they were doing, and would implant in them a desire to be better. How can a person who each month spends on himself enough to keep whole families from want help these poor people? Has not he a beam in his eye that must be removed before he can think with sincerity of removing the mote from his brother's eye?

Tolstoy finds that to the question, *What is to be done?* there are three answers: First, not to be afraid of the truth, not to make excuses, but to follow without reserve the lead of reason and conscience. Secondly, that instead of thinking ourselves peculiar individuals on account of the education that we have had, to consider the fact that the greatest part of our life has been made up of occupations that are not only not good, but, from their results, evil; to leave off the occupations that we so stress as differentiating

ourselves from the common herd, and to strive to learn what was meant by the command to become as little children. Thirdly, to try to get our living honestly—that is, learn not to live upon the shoulders of others; then, with this knowledge of how to make our living, to try on every occasion to be of use to men with hands and feet as well as with brains and heart. And this is not hard; it is easy because natural and right. And further, it will not deprive us of the opportunity of doing that mental labor on which we lay so much stress and which we regard as so essential; for the vast majority of men are continually in unhappiness from some physical ailment, from *ennui* or from ill temper, which renders them unable to do the amount of mental labor that they should, and a natural life of useful labor is that alone which can relieve us from this illness, *ennui* and ill temper, and put our minds in a fit condition for work. Then there is to be considered that, of the amusements, attractions, and vices of society, ninety-nine per cent are due to the need of so filling up the time left idle that mankind may not die of *ennui*.

Humanity advances, and gradually abuses and great wrongs are done away with. Slavery has gone; and the next to go, Tolstoy believes, will be the possession of property. When this evil goes, and not before, will mankind act up to the truth that life consists in more than food and clothes. Just as a century before this time the whole influence of society was thrown into opposition to the teaching that slavery was wrong, so it is now against the teaching that property is wrong. We see now clearly that it is evil for one man to have the absolute disposal of the life of another, for the simple reason that no man has ever yet lived that could control rightly the single life which is his own. We will come to see, likewise, that it is wrong, cruel, and altogether shameful for one man who cannot rightly use more than a certain amount of food, clothing, and room space, to be able by his own desire to keep hundreds in hunger, nakedness, and cold.

Other men than Tolstoy have expressed this before him; but his greatness consists in this: that he cannot have his

vision dimmed by halfway measures and by palliations of the great moral wrong. He would not be deceived by the efforts of such men as Roosevelt, Potter, and Jerome in their so-called vice crusade against Tammany; for he would call this merely a combination of a desire for notoriety and for salving a conscience that wants to believe that it believes in Christ's teaching, and at the same time gives up none of its own luxury and wealth—things which Christ condemned as strongly as he condemned adultery or theft. He is not deceived even by the single tax scheme of a man like Henry George, great as he was in his perception of the harm worked by property.

“Isn't he, then, more visionary than even these visionary people? What possible good can he do?” He is not in the least visionary. We can imagine him saying that Messrs. Roosevelt, Potter, and Jerome would try to put down an evil by force, would try to make men cease from debauchery and theft; and they will fail as force always fails, because force does not destroy hate but increases it. New York in the course of time is going to become more moral, not on account of the workings of such measures but in spite of them. Henry George's scheme is impracticable because it wishes to go halfway. It does not go to the root of the matter, for the root of the matter concerns individuals. If there could suddenly be an influx into the world of a number of angels sufficient to overwhelm the men, the scheme would work, but there is not going to be any such influx. No single man of his own accord and of his own power can adopt any such scheme. It is not so with the teaching of Christ. Any one man can be a nonresistant, can refuse to bear arms, to support war or legal force, can live a life of love and brotherhood. Any man can cease to live luxuriously on the produce of others, and can labor at some useful work, earning his own living and serving others, can worship God in spirit and in truth. And if he doesn't, he is not going to mock God or hinder His purposes; he is simply going to kill the divine in himself.

GEORGE CLIFTON EDWARDS.